"The Tramp" \{ and Ada

Learned That Beauty is as Beauty Does,

Mda was reading on the front perch, when the gate opened, and somebody came up the A boy, well grown and well favored enough, but with a careworn, tired look, and ably about the roses and the weather till Sam shabby old clothes.

"A tramp," Ada thought, with a little thrill of distante. "Could I see your father?" the boy asked,

hesitatingly, his hat in his hand. Ada looked him over. "I don't know where

are At the barn, perhaps," said she, 'Thank you," said the boy, and started for

Ada had a rosebud in her hair, and her dress was the freshest of blue lawns. She was pretty and dainty. Desirable qualities, surely. But some of her parents' old friends and neighbors, having in mind that she was a farmer's daughter, thought, and on occasion said, that Ada's year at an expensive city boarding school had made her a little airy, a little notional, a little inclined to

a hammer I'll be a thousand times obliged,

Ada liked his deeply respectful manner. "Sam," she said, "will you bring this gentle-man a hammer?" Sam descended from the step ladder and vent to the barn. The stranger talked agree-

'I'll go with you," said Sam.

"The idea! I asked him to bring the ham-ner; I didn't ask him to help the man," hought Ada, with displeasure, and when Sam ame back she did not appear to see him. Sam finished with the rose bush; then he went out to the barn and stayed there till

supper time. "Sam is tinkering up your father's oid un," said Ada's mother. A shot sounded. Why, he's fixed it so well it will go! He's

"AND YOU SAW THROUGH IT ME WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US."

look down on anything or anybody that was | the village to a concert and drove home li not "just so."

Ada had forgotten the strange boy when she went in to dinner, but through the door she beheld him eating his dinner at the strated. "I told you not to. I could have put was shut. "He asked for wo k, and I'm go'ng to let him help me. Brigham's got to leave pretty soon, and I don't know where to look for another hired man, and this boy looks delay and fell at once into a peaceful, dreamstrong and seems willing. Sam Humphrcy, his name is. He lost an aunt lately, over in Boylston, that he'd lived with, and now he's trying to get to another relation he's got in Pennsylvania, though he isn't sure he'll be wanted when he gets there. I'm going to give him a chance to earn enough so he can go the rest of the way by train."

You always do such funny things, father," 'A tramp!" "Don't call him a tramp, my girl," said her mother, cheerfully. "I believe he's a good,

her father's protege. The fact that she was alone in her disaffection for "the tramp," as she considered him, only deepened her feeling. Her father and mother and the hired the window window. What she saw, with perfect plainness in the clear moonlight, made her thumping heart stand still. Against the house, just under girl all liked him much. He does the work Brigham did, and does

it better," said her father at the end of a

"But you don't know anything about him, said Ada, "who he is, or-"
"There I've got you!" said her father. "John Reynolds was over this way the other day, from Boylston, and I asked him about Sam. He knew him, and knew his aunt, and he spoke well of them, too. There, sis! And you won't deny that he's a goodhearted and good-mannered boy?" "I haven't noticed him much." Ada answered; and that was true.

"I believe Sain is afraid of you," said her mother. "Why don't you get him to help you put out the croquet set, and have a game with him?"

"Pshaw!" said Ada, pursing her red lips. That afternoon her father put his best horse into the buggy. "I'm going over to Gresham to see Frank Husted about Alderney cattle he's promised me, he said. "I've got other business there, too, and I guess I shan't get home to-



A BOY WELL GROWN AND WELL FA VORED ENOUGH.

night. I'll be back tomorrow early." Sam fastened a buckle in the barness, and se open the big gate, and be drove off. Ada was watering her roses. Sam, hav-ing latched the big gate, approached her

that rose bush by the porch "If that rose bush by the porch was trained up a little," he said, "it would be better. Don't you want me to fix it?"

It was a timid advance toward acquaintance; but it was a failure. "O. if you like," but A. carelessiy; and the boy flue ing. went and got some pieces of string and

Ada sprinkled the flowers. She had on a becoming white dress; and when a strange man came in at the gate presently, she was not surprised that he turned upon her, as he lifted his hat to her, a distinctly ad-

"Go.d evening. Is the gentleman of the house at home, miss?" he inquired.
"My father has just gone away." Ada

answere!.
"Not for long, I presume?" said the man.
"Till tomorrow," said Ada. "Did you
want to see him?"
"Only for a minute, miss. I wanted to "Only for a minute, miss. I wanted to borrow a hammer for a few minutes. My wagon's broke down, up the road a little way, and I'll need a hammer to fix it. I don't want to trouble you, miss, but if that's your hired man there"—Ada nodded —"If you'll let him step down and get me roat of the way anything to the

"Not at all! It ain't decessary," said the men, and held out his hand for the hammer.

"O, I guess I'll go along," Sam persisted, and he cushed out at the gate with the stranger, dear to his crotests.

he handlest boy I ever raw."
"You let him do anything under the sun. and gazed admiringly at the hero; when a reporter from the town paper had arrived

said Ada impatiently.
"Why not?" said her mother, serenely.
After supper Ada and her mother drove to

She woke suddenly end sat uo, staring be-ore her. Something had wakened her, some

unwonted sound. She wondered if she had

dreamed it-but it came again, a soft scraping, a bumping that seemed to come from

directly under her window. Her heart pounded in her ears. Her fright-

ened impulse was to burrow into her pillow

and cover her head, but, conquering it, she stepped out of bed and stole to the open

stood beside it and on a lower rung stood another. The sound of their muttered speech

sound came. She was almost too terrified a stir, but she ran from the room and into he

mother's room, and shook her until she

her, but she clutched her mother's arm. Her mother stared at her, bewildered and ic-

'Burglars!" she panted. Her voice forsook

They've got a ladder," Ada gasped

Shaking like a leof, and with he

"They're getting into my window!" Her mother sprang out of bed and rushed across

knees weakly trembling under her, Ada fol-

In the square of the window they saw

shoulders. Another moment, and the man

would have been in the room

man's head blackly silhouetted, then his

But of a sudden a voice broke out on the rir. "Get out of there!" it shouted. "Get

down and get out, or I'll fill you full of

holes, both of you!"
In a flash the man's head dropped from

view. "I'll count jen," the voice yelled, "and unless you're both off these premises by that

Ada's mother pointed with a shaking hand

at a window in the wing of the house, plainly

visible to them. It was that of Sam Hum-phrey's room, and he stood there, his head

and shoulders thrust out. He stood mo tionless; there rested on his shoulder the

butt of a gun, printed downward, and his eyes were on its muzzle and his hand on the trigger. "One-two-three-" he counted,

none too slowly.

There was a sound of rushing steps below:

the ladder fell with a crash, and they saw two figures, bent as if with fear of that well-

aimed gun, run skulking out of the yard and They saw Sam Humpbrey bound away from

the window, and heard him pound through the father hallway and go tearing down stairs. "He's going after them!" cried Ada'a mother, and catching up a shawl and finging

it over her shoulders she sped down stairs

Ada hung trembling over the banisters "You shall not go!" she heard her mother say. "No, no! You, a boy! Suppose those

men have pistols. You've done enough.
You've savel us—you've saved our property.
and our lives, hoo, maybe, who knows? and
you shan't risk your life chasing up those
men—" Ada's mother broke down in tears

Sam Humphrey, "but wouldn't I like to land the pair of them in jail!"

There was no more sleep for anybody that night. The hired girl, tardily awak-ened by the rumpus, came hurrying in, en-

veloped in a blue counterpane. Ada and her mother made hasty tollets, and then

they all gathered in the sitting room and lighted the lamp.

"You're completely dressed, Sam Hum-phrey!" said Ada's mother. "Your shoes are laced, even. You don't mean to say

you hidn't gone to bed? It's 2 o'clock!"
"I-no ma'am, I hadn't. I was sitting up.
You see, ma'um—" He turned to Ada.
"Did you see that man on the ladder? Did

"It was the man who borrowed the ham-

"You see," said the boy, "I heard what he said when he asked you for it, and I thought he acted queer. It seemed to me he was trying to find out if your father was going to be gone all night, and whether I was all the hired man there was and I pricked up my care. They's a heard the said of the said that the said the said the said that the said the said the said the said the said that the sai

was, and I pricked up my ears. That's why I was bound to tag after him with the hammer. I wanted to see if it was all

straight. "Well, there was a wagon waiting up

the road, and another man in it, and they pottered around under the wagon awhile,

last night," said Sam Humphrey. Ada

you see who it was?" said he.
"No," Ada shuddered.

stared at him.

of agitation, and thereby won the day.
"All right, ma'um, if you feel so,"

tried to scream, but only a choking

was distinct in her ears. She tried to scream, i

wakened

credulous

the hall.

time I'll shoot!'

Won't you come and help me set out the wickets?" PUMPING OUT A QUICKSAND.

"Do you," said Ada, with a little shake it or voice, "do you like to play croque:

in the barn, Ada followed him thither.
"Father and mother and I have been talk

pened that they got clear to the window and scared you to death before I-"

Ada's mother swept him into a motherly mbrace. "You dear boy!" said she. "You

"My goodness! I never heard nothing like

Scaring off two burglars! 'Most any would have crawled under the bel, said the bired girl from behind her countercane.

Seeking a Treasure Said to Have Been Left by Indians in Missouri. A search for gold has been in progress for the last three months near Clearmont, village in the extreme northwest corner of Missouri. For a number of years, relates a correspondent, the Balus brothers, David John and William and their neighbors, have believed that a large amount of money, esti-mated at from \$7,500 to \$300,000, is buried on a small trip of land lying two and one-half miles north of Clearmont and belonging to Alexander Gray, a Lornessmaker. The money is supposed to have been buried by

In 1837 that part of Missouri now included the counties of Buchanan, Holt, Nodaway Atchison, Andrew and Platte was held by the Fac and Fox and Ioway Indians. The government bought it from them on certain con-ditions, including the payment of \$7,500 in cash. Old Chief Ca-ba-qua (Red Fox) of the Sacs and Foxes, so tradition runs, was deputed by his tribe to receive the amount due it. He brought half of it on one trip and going back for the rest he and his com panions were set on by a party of Omahas and killed. He had told no one what he had done with the money already secured, and with other treasures of his tribe, which he had in his possession before starting, and the scoret of their burial place was carried with him to the grave. Soon after the Indiana were removed to Kansas it became a tradi-tion among the Sees and Foxes that the treasure had been deposited in a hollow log and sunk to the bottom of a small lake near where Clearlake now stands. There was formerly such a lake, but the Nodaway river filled it with sand, and its site is doubtful After the tradition was related to them the Bains brothers dreamed by night and talked by day of the buried treasure. Three mouths ago they got two magnetic needles supposed to have gold-locating properties, and the entire community turned out to see them tested. To the delight of the brothers both

need a dipped over the place where the lake is supposed to have been. The experiment was repeated and with the same result. The brothers set at work, but their troubles had only just begun, as they soon learned. The needles had dipped over a bed of quicksand. The brothers and their helpers worked for days with untiring energy. It was evident that the box or hollow log containing the money if there at all, was below the surface, and they refused to be discouraged as the time slipped away Finally, one day, three weeks after the arrival of the needles, Bill Bains' spade struck something hard. Naturally, he be-lieved it was the hollow log. He called to his companions for help. But the water from the river had already begun to wash They worked as fast as they could, and, t is said, succeeded in uncovering the end

was rushing in, and before it could be secured the treasure had slipped away. That was more than two months ago. The story of the finding of the treasure created great excitement in Burlington Junction and Clearmont, Mo., and Braddyville, Ia. So many people visited the place during the next few days that armed men stood guard night and day. A number of Clearmont business men became interested, a stock company was formed for the purpose of helping the Bainses and 100 shares were sold at the rate of \$25 a share. Harry Souers, a Clearmont druggist, took a num shares, and, to pay for them, fur-

of the log. But it was heavy, the water

But the treasure-seekers know no such thing as discouragement. They quit work for a few days until a more powerful engine and two stand pipes could be secured. The pipes were sunk twenty feet into the sand pipes were sunk twenty feet into the sand on the 2d of September, 1847, and eight blocks taid out into sixty-four lots, surrounding the laid out into sixty-four lots. But the treasure-seekers know no such 1852.

river north of Clearmont will be dry. the treasure-seekers with great interest, knowledge of which fact has probably added greatly to their ardor. Already almost half descendants. The settlement is now nearly as much as was paid for the entire Platte purforty miles long and ten to fifteen miles chase has been spent in the vain search, but the Bainses and their friends say that

they have not yet thought of giving up. TAKING OUT THE KINKS.

Strange Fad Prevalent Among Washington's Colored Society. The colored ministers of Washington, rea correspondent, are preaching "flesh is vanity" from a point of view which does not give their white brethren any trouble. Displayed in a show window on one of the principal shopping streets of this

city is this sign:

ATTENTION, COLORED PEOPLE!
Blank's Take-out-kink
Will take the kink out or your hair and
make it sliky, soft, pliable and beautiful,

Then follow instructions for the use, accompanied by the guarantee of harmless-ness, and by other statements of the preparation. But the sign is not what draws the colored people to the window and causes them to remain there with admiring gaze The bottom of the show window is piled high with black hair in the natural state. There is enough to make a good beginning with a mattress. Above are exhibits of what "Blank's take-out-kink" can do. Switches and bangs and braids and other forms of black hair, soft and glossy and wavy are shown in strong contrast with the raw material underneath. The sight is temptation. Colored pastors of Wach-ington have discovered that the fashion to experiment with "take-out-kink" is sweep-ing through their congregations. They are ing through their congregations. They are denouncing from the pulpit in vigorous lan-

they'd try to get in at the back of the boure, if anywhere, and that's how it hap-

Settlement at Pella When the State Was Yet Young Rapid Progress in the Calony - Founding the Sloux County Colony.

And Ada—Ada's part was bardest. So filled was she with a confusion of strange feelings that at first she could not speak. And con-Marion county, lowe, is the subject of a bewildered men! "To think," she cried, "that I fell right into his trap and told him just what he wanted to know. O what—an idiot! And you saw through it. And see what you've you saw through it. And see what you've done for us! O, Sam Huirthrey, will you let the distance hands with you?" Ada cried, with me stake hands with you?" Ada cried, with a heartfelt shower of tears.

The next day when Ada's father had got The next day when Ada's father had got home and had heard the story and made plentiful vigorous comments thereon, and slapped Sam Humphrey on the back some persecuted on account of their religion, being tion to do this. dissenters from the established reform church twenty-five times; when all the neighbors Pella, meaning a place of refuge. The found-had been in and asked numberless questions ing of the community was primarily a religious ceremony. Those 700 immigrants, and looked at the gun and at the fallen ladder and at Sam Humphrey, and taken totes for a column article—the next day, when Sam Humphrey had grown modestly confused at his sudden fame and taken refuge in the barn. Ada followed him tillbar.

To speak of religious persecutions in Holing about you," she said, "and we think, or we hope, that unless those relations of yours land is almost to contradict history. Holland is one of the crudies of both civil and rein Petinsylvania want you very much, you will stay on with us here. We all want you to. We all do," said Ada, with a significant ligious liberty in Europe. But the Holland of 1840 was not the Holland of 1640. A clergy supported by the state had learned to use supported by the state and learned to use the civil power for its own ends, which were not always the cnds of religion. Tolerance hungry heart was in his eyes. A flush of amazement, of gladness, warmed his honest face and hin eyes filled.

"Do you," said Ada, with a little shake in her voice, "do you like to play croquet? stood true to the past of the republic and the reformation. They believed in the complete separation of church and state. They opched the established church because to them that become an institution of form, instead of being an expression of faith. Out of the Napoleonic reconstruction of Europa Holb ad emerged a monarchy with a close ecclesiostical establishment. The state used the for its own ends. The church became worldly and the government tyranical. It was against this that the people who cherished the old

that they were a part of God's own plan.

The longing for a new fatherland manifested itself prior to 1841, and in 1846 the first steps toward emigration to America were taken. The emigration was made in the spring of 1847, four small chartered sailing vessels departing for America between the 4th and 11th of April. They carried in all 160 constituted households, or families, together with a large number of both men and women who were compelled to leave their families and relatives as well as their native land. The emigrants landed in Baltimore in May, and after a long and tedious Journey, by the primitive American railways, by steamboat and by stage, finally reached St. Louis, where they were hos-pitably welcomed. From St. Louis they sent out "spies after the manner of the children of Israel" of old, to find a subtable location for a settlement. Many locations were of-fered them and many flattering inducements held out, but from the first Iowa was the most favored place. The state was not yet one year old, having been admitted into the alon in the preceding December. The commissioners at once went to Iowa. General Van Antwerp, in charge of the government land office at Fairfield, conducted them to the divide in Marion county and said: "This is the garden spot of lowa." There, accordingly, they bought two civil townships of land, paying to the government \$1.25 per acre. This done, they returned to St. Louis with the glad tidings that they had found their future abode.

JOURNEY INTO IOWA. The journey was at once resumed, a steam oat being chartered from St. Louis to Keokuk. At Keokuk they gathered their goods his vest, and began to perspire at a faster into wagons, drawn by horses and oxen, and rate than ever. started on their overland journey. It was a curious procession that made its way up the it must have been for the "natives. There wagons drawn by horses and some in carts many went afoot. The men were broadjourney of several days they came, on August 26, 1847, to a level place, where stood hickory pole with a shingle nailed to the top and on the shingle the single word,

'Pella.' It was almost September and winter was before the emigrants. They were on an open prairie, with no shelter save a few log houses left by the squatters of 1843. From a distant saw mill they procured lumber to build the first house, and the rest went to work and made "dugouts." The settlement became known as "Strooljen stad," or "Straw City." The winter spent in such abodes has ever been a distinct era in the

minds of the colonists. Three things they did in Pella before all They made provision for the worship Harry of God, for the instruction of the youth, and for citizenship. Three weeks after their at rival, an officer of the courts was sent for nished a stationary engine with which to and all the male adults declared their intenpump the water from the hole, and for tion to become citizens of the United States several weeks a good-sized force of men At the regular session of the Iowa legisla-worked night and day. As fast, however, ture in 1848 a bill was passed empowering worked night and day. As fast, however, ture in 1848 a bill was passed empowering as the water and sand were pumped out of the people of Pella to hold forthwith a town the hole the river filled it again and little ship election, and they voted for president progress was made.

and the pumping was begun again, and is said out into sixty-four lots, surrounding the still going on incessantly night and day.

Under the new arrangement the sand and water are both thrown out in a continuous with a willingness that had never been exstream, but the skeptical declare that before celled, even in America. From 1848 to 185 the lake is pumped empty all the Nodaway there were large annual additions to the iver north of Clearmont will be dry.

People in northwest Missouri and southpeople in the settlement. They have pros western Iowa are watching the work of pered as a community almost beyond all ex pectations. The two original townships have long since been too small for them and their

They buy land continually, but seldom They have absorbed several neighboring villages. There has always been a con-servative, "old fashioned" element in the center, but the outlying "provinces" of Pella are liberal and thoroughly Americanized. Theology is blue at the center, but it grows puler toward the circumference. The home anguage is still the Dutch in most places out the public language is always the English, which alone is taught in the schools Passing over the founding of Orange City the delusion es to the navigation of the De Moites river, the establishment of the Bap tist college and the gold fever of 1850, even which helped to shape the destiny of the colony, the writer brings us down to the celebration, on the 1st and 2d of September, 1897, of the fittieth activersary of the founding of Pella. Then thousand gathered where the 700 hid met in 1847. Of the first settler only a few remained. Stattered and broke and bent were they-the remnants of a on sturdy band. The pothos of a great strug gle was written on their faces; there wa also the conscioueness of victory. For the orable occasion. The city was filled with flags, but all the flags were American. There was not a flag of Holland displayed in all the streets. "We are Americans, though we are proud of our Dutch blood." is what the people meant to say. And their children and grandchildren, or sa many of them as had studied the history of Europe

parents. The joint beritage of Dutch cloud and American citizenship—what more could they desire? And here we must say forewell to the bit of Holland in America which I have tried to describe. It is worth while, in many denouncing from the pulpit in vigorous language the wickedness of trying to change the natural order of capillary growth.

Waste no money. Buy Salvation Oil, the only good liniment. It kills all pain.

It is werth white, in many ways, to gather up these fragments of history. Our love for those who have gone before us and prepared the way for us prompts us to write of these subjects. Pella has for the Iowa writer not only historical,

and America, were even prouder of that blood than were the parents and grand-

mind to be good and ready if anything hippened; and so I got that gun in shape, and
offed it up and leaded it, and I didn't go to
bed. I just sat up and waited.

"But you see," Sam Humphrey endel.
with a smile of modest apology, I was
watching at the back window. I thought
they'd try to get in at the back of the
house, if anywhere, and that's here.

DIT UP HULLAND IN AMERICA

but pictorial values and capabilities. It is a
community with a heroic background and a
vast perspective. That it has lost much of
its individuality is true. Fifty years is a
long time in lowa. In Pella many of the
good old customs have survived the first bait
century—may they survive forever. Religion at it lives in that sacred
the close is a survive in that sacred.

LONG FOUNDATE.

brief sketch something more of the Iowa of 1847—of those free prairies and that free spirit. I have often heard told how beautiful lowa was when the settlers who came from Holland first saw this land. It was billowy like the sea which they crossed. There was wave after wave on the tall grass. Climbins up the hills and dipping down into the hol-The retriement of the Dutch colonists in vast meadows of God. How the prairies

sketch in the annals of lows from the pen of Cyrenus Cole, associate editor of the Des Molors Register, humself a descridant of the Moines Register, himself a descendant of the and women who toiled among such scenes colonists. In the summer of 1847 700 col-onists from Holland came to lows and set-

But the making of Iowa was not a dream; it was a stern reality. It was not in a handful of wild flowers which women gathered, nor in a bit of blue sky which they admired, nor in the song of a bird which charmed them. It was a battle between civ ilization and barbarism. The men and the women marched side by side and fough together. Ever marching, ever fighting sometimes repulsed, or annihilated, but al ways victorious in the end. Fortunate argrandfathers and great grandmothers, served in this grand army of the p state builders of the new world. pioneers-the

In this vast country of ours each one has some spot which is more dear to him than all the rest. Pella is such to me. How often has the story of the dikes and the prairies of the gray skies and the blue, of the sea of waters, and the sea of grasses, of the joys and the sorrows, of the burdens borne so far and the suffering endured so long, been told to me by one who, as a girl, gave her heart first to the new reformation in Holland and then to the new country in America. From her I have the spirit of this sketch. learned to believe that the truest history of any erasor any event must be written ou of the hearts of women, rather than out of the minds of men.

Arnold's Bromo Celery cures headaches 10c, 25c and 50c. All druggists.

HASTE WITHOUT SPEED.

Impatient Man Trapped and Held for Twenty Minutes by Theater Chair. There is one man in Kaesas City, relates the Times, who will never again be so any lous to get out of a theater that he will try to climb over the seats. This man was at the matinee at the Grand the other afterncon, and when he had stood on one foo for twenty minutes, with the other foot se curely fastened in the seat upon which he had stepped in his wild desire to get out ahead of the man in front of him, he made a mental resolve that the next time he woul-abide his time. It required the combine efforts of twelve men, including Stage Car-penter Lyman, who acted as foreman, to exricate the rash individual, and a hammer. saw and a screwdriver had to be brough nto play before the prisoner was released. The man sat well down in the orchest

chairs, and as soon as the curtain droppe on the last act of "In Old Kentneky" he be gan to figure on getting out before the people who sat six rows behind him. His first mov was to forget all the laws of propriety and step on his seat in order to climb over be hind it. His second move was to stay jus where he was. The seat, not being made fo a step-ladder, turned with him, and his left foot slipped down between the Iron work a, the back and the leather-covered bottom of the seat. There it went and there it re-mained. The man could not pull his foot out nor could any of a crowd of men who volun teered to do a little tugging.

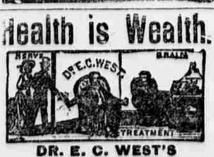
The too-rapid man had started out while wearing an overcoat. He found the coat too heavy and slipped out of it. He then began to notice that it was warm in the theater He took off his hat. Next he unbuttoned

"Take off his shoe," said one bystander, but shoe and foot were there together, and there was no freeling one without the other were men and women in strange garb, and passing an expert opinion on men who step speaking a strange tongue. Some rode in on the seats in a theater, called Stage Carpenter Lyman,

Lyman took one look at the seat, and dis appeared in search of too's. With a small saw he cut away the footboard at the back in caps and bonnets the like of which had never before been seen in Iowa. After a journey of several days they came are saw he cut away the footboard at the back of the seat, but even after a good deal of excavating it was found that the shoe and foot declined to be moved. Lympa made and and secured a screwdriver. The screws wer taken out, bolts were loosened, and after the prisoner was finally liberated, without o much as a "thank you," he made a dash for the door, having lost just nineteen and one-half minutes by trying to save time.

"I hope it will teach him a lesson," said Lyman, as he looked at the ruins. "Do you know that we have down stairs 500 pounds of castings which we have to keep because such people will persist in stepping on seats caught at that trick need never expect any sympathy from me.





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A FAIR FACE CANNOT ATONE FOR AN UNTIDY HOUSE." USE

SAPOLIO

What, Ho! For Winter Sports!

ALL HAIL THE

We're off for the skating! We're down the toboggan slide! Gee! But isn't it fun!

The Ice Carnival is on at the Exposition grounds. They charge 10 cents to get into the grounds, 10 cents admission to the ice and 5 cents for each ride down the toboggan slide.

Any Boy or Girl Can Go Free.

IF you will bring in two new subscribers for the Daily and Sunday Bee for two weeks each, you can get a ticket to the grounds, an admission to the ice and four trip tickets for the toboggan slide, or eight tobggan tickets or four ice admissions.

IF you bring in one new subscriber to the Daily and Sunday Bee for three weeks, you can get a ticket to the grounds, an admission to theice and two trip tickets for the toboggan slide; or three ice admissions, or six toboggan tickets.

IF you bring in more subscribers, or for a longer time, you can get tickets at the same rate for each bona fide new subscriber-that is, an admission to the grounds, or an admission to the ice, or two trip tickets for the toboggan slide, for each week paid in advance by the new subscribers you bring in. The more subscribers, the more tickets. A whole lot of fun for just a little work.

None but bona fide new subscribers count. No subscription taken for less than two weeks.

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